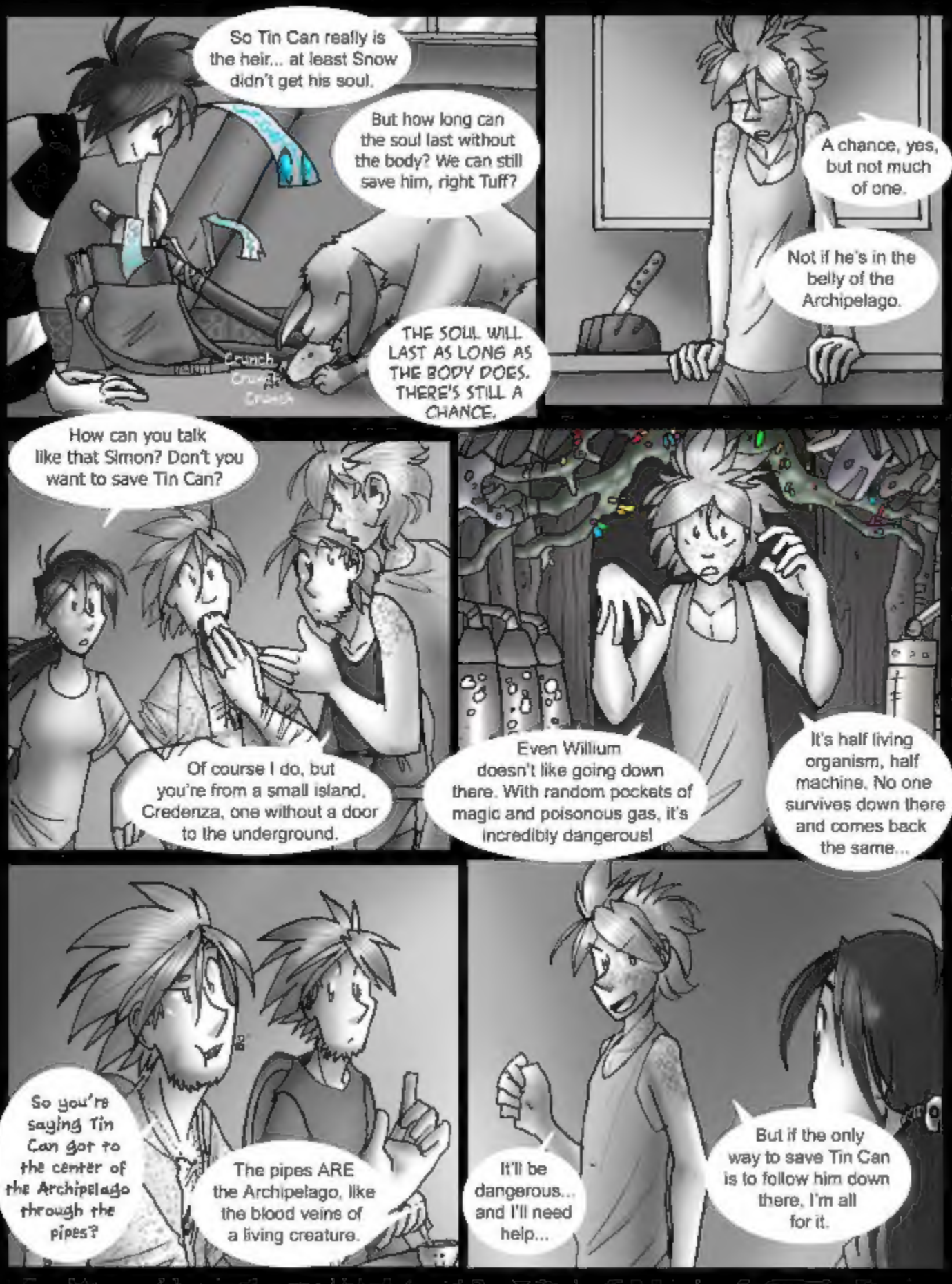
SNOW GOT HIM. HE WAS ABOUT TO ABSORB THE SOUL.
BUT TIN CAN DIDN'T GIVE IN LIKE PAOLLO.
SERANITH SOULS ARE MADE OF TOUGHER STUFF THAN HUMANS.
SNAP! RATTLE!
TINKLE
RIIIP!
Goosh!
TIN CAN TURTLE MUST HAVE HURT SNOW'S ARM.
swipe!
SNAP!
CRACKLE!
POP!
BZZTGRRZZT
I DON'T THINK HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING. HE JUST NEEDED TO ESCAPE.
SOMEWHERE EVEN SNOW COULD NOT FOLLOW.
HE'S IN THE SEWERS.


So Tin Can really is the heir... at least Snow didn't get his soul.
But how long can the soul last without the body? We can still save him, right Tuff?
Crunch Crunch Crunch
THE SOUL WILL LAST AS LONG AS THE BODY DOES. THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.
A chance, yes, but not much of one.
Not if he's in the belly of the Archipelago.
How can you talk like that Simon? Don't you want to save Tin Can?
Of course I do, but you're from a small island, Credenza, one without a door to the underground.
Even Willum doesn't like going down there. With random pockets of magic and poisonous gas, it's incredibly dangerous!
It's half living organism, half machine. No one survives down there and comes back the same...
So you're saying Tin Can got to the center of the Archipelago through the pipes?
The pipes ARE the Archipelago, like the blood veins of a living creature.
It'll be dangerous... and I'll need help...
But if the only way to save Tin Can is to follow him down there, I'm all for it.

Assuming we'll be down there a few days, we'll need-
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
Eh? Come in!
Ah! Captain Vander! What's the news?
Master Simon, there's some council business I need to speak with you about.
Ordinarily, I'd take these problems to William, but since he's away he instructed me to go to you with any issues.
(sigh) Fine, let's hear them.
Well, first of all the well on the southern side of the island has dried up.
What? We'll need to organize some water carriers. Has Walf come back yet?
No sir, private Walf is still missing.
Walf's never been the sharpest spear in the armory.
Search the forest, he probably got his foot stuck in a rabbit hole again.
Yes sir. Then there's the matter of-
Vander, how many of these issues are there?
Umm... twenty-seven... not including the low priority problems.
That'll do Vander. Come back in fifteen minutes, okay?
As you wish, sir.
. . . .
Simon?
I can't come. I want to, but they need me here.

I hate to send you guys down there without a guide, but I simply can't leave.
Are you sure? Isn't there someone who can stay in your place, a stand-in council member or something?
JUNE
I AM the stand-in council member. Until Willium returns, this is my responsibility.
I can understand. I think it's very noble of you to stick to your job.
PEANUT BUTTER
But we still don't have a guide. What happens if we get lost?
Hopefully, The Listing of Names should guide you. But in case of an emergency...
Take this whistle. Willium always brings it when he travels down there.
Another necklace? I'm developing quite the collection.
Tin Can is more than a servant to me, he's my friend.
I trust you to bring him back safe.
If you're in danger, blow this whistle. Willium says it doesn't always work.
But where you are going, you'll need all the help you can get.
We're going to find him, Simon.
No matter where he is, we'll bring him back.

Remind me, why are we taking the seranith with us?
I told you, if we leave it here our enemies could kill the body and the soul would be released from this world. We have to keep it alive.
I know that, but why do WE have to carry his comatose butt?
Erf!
Isn't it obvious? My arm is still repairing itself.
Knull isn't strong enough, and I'M not going to make Lucinda carry the seranith.
Why? Because she's a girl? That's a stupid excuse.
I don't care if she's a girl, I'll still beat her up for shoving this job on us-
DooM!
You want to make her carry the body? Go ahead, but I won't clean up your bodies afterward.

HALT! YOU'RE ON PRIVATE PROPERTY!
PUT THE SERANITH DOWN AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR.
COME QUIETLY AND WE'LL GO EASY ON YOU.
I MEAN IT! LEAVE TIN CAN ALONE!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO TIN CAN TURTLE?
You're the one who called us here aren't you? Thanks for the call. Finish off this idiot and we can get down to business.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING—
SMASH!

CAPTAIN VANDER! WH—WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IT'S ME! WALF!
I'm sorry Walf but there's no other way!
RIIIIP!
Forgive me my friend. Take comfort in that you will not be here when Raven comes.
PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS!
DON'T GIVE IN TO IT VANDER, FIGHT IT! FI—
GLITCH
It is done. What more do you wish of me, General?
Please, I prefer the title of Captain.
We need you to show us an entrance into the Archipelago underworld, as quickly as possible.
But first, get rid of the body.

THE NEXT MORNING...
(GROAN)
RAVEN? WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SICK?
UGH, IT SEEMS THAT I DO NOT DO WELL WITH RIDING ANIMALS.
REALLY? MOUSEY SEEMS VERY NICE TO ME.
I'M SURE THIS RAT IS VERY NICE, BLITZ, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER BECAUSE I GET MOTION SICKNESS.
OOOOH YEAH, I GOT THAT ONCE! IF YOU'RE MOTION SICK WHY DON'T YOU-
BLITZ, WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO HELP ME?
WHY WOULDN'T I TRY TO HELP YOU?
WHAT ABOUT THE ARGUMENT ON THE SUB?
WHAT ARGUMENT?
NEVERMIND! (SIGH) CAN'T EVEN HOLD A SIMPLE GRUDGE... WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT MOTION SICKNESS?
OH YEAH! IF YOU'RE MOTION SICK WHY DON'T YOU JUST FLY?
..... GREAT SKIES, I'M BECOMING LIKE HIM!
There it is folks.
Your personal gate to the underworld.

Just perfect... someone's broken the lock. Looks like Captain Snow's down there too.
This well's older than Headside itself! No one knows who made it. We're not even sure it was really built, so much as... well, grown.
It gives me the willies just looking at it.
You're a good swimmer, right?
Sure, I swim pretty well, if the water's calm.
Okay then, just checking.
Well, no sense in waiting around up here.
BE CAREFUL CREDENZA. WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
I'm always careful Tuff. Wish me luck!

WHOOSH!
Ack! Phppt! Bloop!
Splash!
Bloosh!
Squeeeeee
Plssh!
Grk!
Bloop!